CONSTRUCT
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Construct is the lost voice of the decades, it implies combative passivity. It is the one that is formed by, or suffers from, what is going on, or rather, by what the consciousness industry marks as what *is* going on. *Construct* draws its poetry from the future. It aims to overcome the present by looking into the future, based on the elements that are already available from the past. And therefore we bravely declare that we are not prisoners of history. We must constantly remind ourselves that the real leap consists of introducing new invention in life. And it is by going beyond the historical and instrumental given, that we could finally initiate our own cycle of freedom.

Future Collective

Four Paragraphs in the Park

It was not during the day when the trees are in no other colors than green burns. On a humid night, the leaves, being two-faced, switched and betrayed their color again, like the chameleonic sky. Not bothered by the routine beauty of dusk, not fascinated with the palette of its clouds. You thought about the banality of the scenery: over-praised, over-painted, over-photographed.

It was certainly hot, not warm. Jakarta is not a place to feel warm; a parodic manifestation of Dante's *Inferno*. Like a foreigner, you complained about the weather, and you thought about how easy it was to turn you into a madman. You saw some middle-aged men preaching publicly, half-naked, for the false respite of rain. A hippie-hipster friend of yours suddenly crossed your mind. These obscurantist bastards, you mumbled. You thought about the irony of buying into new-age spirituality. They thought they are looking for God, when all they do is setting themselves up to be perfect consumers in contemporary capitalism. Then you laugh, and cry, because you thought it was so funny and sad. You heard some young educated women making speeches, promising the Party would change the weather. How convenient. You thought about all these lonely people. You thought that they should shut up, pair themselves up and go find a hotel. Make some love, or money, anything besides throwing empty slogans. The images of tropical beach resort posters from postcards and tour agencies crossed your mind. Then you thought about the Party. You neglected the thought.

While irritated by how eloquent and witty one could be, or fail to be, their use of certain words such as 'hope', 'belief', 'faith', 'care', 'future', 'change' combined with words like 'wish', 'unwind', 'relax', 'dream', 'holiday', 'plans' either made you yawn or gave you goose bumps.

After the rain, the dark woods with dark leaves are wet—weighing a bit more. You kicked on the bits and stepped on the pieces, fallen from the trees, littering the concrete pavement. You thought about some snails you have killed. You picked and collected the twigs and sprigs as materials for a miniature park in a trite dystopia. You planted a branch as a bare tree, and related it to the tarnished name of 'Art' and the ugly word of 'Design'.

— *C. S.*

Street of Napoleonic Defeats

Now I prayed
only for a robbery
or youthful gangsters
to end it all,
since there's no war,
but to buy a gun?
I wasn't sure if that's a question.
I walked into a convenience store,
to buy a bullet
one bullet is enough,
but I wasn't sure if they sell any
instead
what I noticed are condoms and lubricant gels
next to the counter,
I noticed the flavors:
grapes, bananas, strawberries.
I walked out and turned right
towards Jalan Melawai
and was reminded of colonization and barricades
all over again.

– C. S.

Blander by the Dozen

Every morning, when hundreds of alarms
go off to wake a new generation, a dozen skulls
of sleep-deprived, calculative over-thinkers
are cracked over a heated saucepan. The hungry,
early risers—still enchanted by dreams of past
decades—gather around a dining table much too
large to encourage fruitful conversations.
Stomachs growl as the smell of sizzling
thoughts coming from a distant kitchen tiptoes
around the room. Imagine their disappointment
when their appetites vanish at the sight of yet
another plate of scrambled ideas, a flavourless
omelette on the side.
"Oh, not again," they should've protested
in unison. But this is not an ideal breakfast, and
nobody asked for it to be on the menu. Despite the
boredom, the tastelessness of it at all, they chew and
chew—satisfied with what oozed out of the skulls
of those insomniac over-thinkers who are
possessive of tradition,
of templates
and standard breakfasts
that surprisingly invite no criticism despite the
blandness that lingers on everyone's tongues.

— *B. G.*

A Confession

I am a treacherous worshipper,
but only according to those who
veil their doubts with a large and
silky piece of certainty (while deep down,
they are uncertain of where it came from—
"Is it really made of silk?").
The texture of belief does not feel the same
on every type of skin, does not look the same
to every set of eyes (lighting matters,
but who's in charge of the switch?)...
I am an unfaithful believer—not because
of reason or pride (I know I am inconsistent,
I know I am insignificant)—but
because I am unimpressed by the Absolute
and its hostility to alternatives.

— *B. G.*

All poems & prose
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